

SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1903

The Fable of the Unsympathetic Parent who Turned Down Three Different Varieties

By George Ade.

FABLES.

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ONCE there was a long-headed Father who had taken the Junior into the Down-Town Office and was trying to eradicate the Greek and Latin from his System.

The Junior was a Lovely Chap whose Clothes came to about twice his Salary. He resembled the smooth-faced Hero of a Richard Harding Davis Novel. By keeping his Hair neatly groomed down and wearing the right shape of Collar, likewise vamping a few tender Chords on the Piano and holding up his end in a light weight Conversation, he had managed to elbow his way into the Front Row of that Select Division of the Human Race known as the Landed Gentry, because they get Landed so often.

Bertrand Flappingdale was the Name of this particular Confection. In Our Set he was known as Bertie and among the Employees at the Shop he was known as a Bluff. Bertie's pathway in Life was so nicely Lubricated and everyone was so awfully Nice to him that after a while he felt reasonably Certain that the Earth and the Fullness thereof had been dished up in his Benefit and he could cancel the Order any time he saw fit.

Flappingdale, Senior, had never smoked Egyptian Cigarettes and attended Junior Proms during his Infancy. He had been too busy trying to make the Meat Tickets last from one Saturday Night to another. The only time he got real Lungy was when he told how he used to work for Six a Week and plant \$100 a year in the Building and Loan Association. It had been many Years since they took his Artichokes, but he was still a Farmer at Heart. And when they threw him into the long-tailed Regalia with the mistle, he had Yap stenciled all over himself.

You may take one of these self-made Luminaries and wear him away from his Pie and rub him with Silk Underwear for years, but you cannot iron the Lines of Rugged Character from his Front Piece nor separate him from the Homely Doctrines which he called to his Attention by means of a Hickory Gad some forty years earlier in the Game.

Consequently, the elder Flappingdale did not hit it off to any large Extent with Bertie's Friends, most of whom had their Names already set up in the Society Column 365 Days in the Year, but not one of them could have figured a 2 per cent Discount, unless he had taken a Day off. They did not care for Business, but Business never seemed to Languish much on that Account.

One of the Hard Jobs that Fate had mapped out for Flappingdale, Senior, was to prevent his blue-eyed Offspring from being abducted and snaked away to the Altar. The Trouble was that Bertie wanted to be Abducted. About every Change of the Moon he would begin to act more or less Dippy and cut out the Office altogether and go Girl-Hunting in his cream-colored Chariot with one Horse hitched in front of the other one. Then the head of the Works would have to call him in and put some Crack Ice on him and get him cooled down.

The first one to lay him out and have him Fluttering was a 90-pounder, about six weeks from the Nursery. The cold-blooded Gynor begged him not to rob the Cradle and wanted to know something about her Knowledge of Housekeeping, which is invariably a Stiff Jolt for Love's Young Dream. While Bertrand was waiting for a Chance to elope with the Bud, a New Show came to Town and there zipped across the Horizon of his Fresh Young Life a Hurrah Soubrette who wore Holes in and Stare every Evening doing a very refined Coon Number.

From the moment when he looked up at her and saw that she had taken notice of his Presence on Earth, he passed into a Sweet Trance from which he did not fully Awake until the Troupe left Town, when he found himself watching the Red Light disappear around a Curve and realized that he had played his Violets on the Wrong Number.

The Busy Lover always goes from one Extreme to another, so the next Crack out of the Box what does Brash Bertie do but get himself all worked up to a Temperature of 104 over the Kind that is known as Terribly Bright. He was determined to get a Marry, unless somebody got out an Injunction, sat around in an off-color kind of a sad, Mother Hubbard make-up and handed out Brilliant Conversation that was good enough to be taken down in Short Hand and put into a Book. She threw her Search Light on

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the helpless Bertrand and dazzled him to a Fare-yewell. She got him into a Turkish Corner and told him

of the Yearnings of her Soul and all about her Empty Life and how she had groped for an Affinity and although he muffed a good many of her Points and was clear of the Ground most of the Time, he realized that he was in the Presence of one who could take him by the Hand and show him a lot of Things that he had never been wise to, as yet. So he wanted to marry and sit around all Day with his Head on her Shoulder and have her talk Copy, worth about 3 cents a Word.

Father noticed that he was off his Feed and looking wild out of the Eyes, so he called him in and wanted to know the name of the New One. "Cut it out," said he, when he had learned the Horrible Truth. "Home is not a Lecture Bureau. I don't blame any Man for marrying a Woman who has got the Intellectual Bulge on him. In these Days of Thursday Afternoon Clubs and Reading Circles it's a Cheap Grade of Wife who hasn't got the head-end of the Outfit beaten to a Pulp. Nearly every Woman knows more than her Husband, but it helps some if he has enough Gray Matter to enable him to chip in now and then, if only to give her the right Cues. But 39 years would be a long Time to sit at one end of the Dining Room Table, feeling about the size of a beach, and have known several specimens of the Victim who marries the Woman who is going to lead him on and on. She leads him on and on, until he begins to Blow and then she usually goes on and on with something wearing a White Necktie and an Alpacas Coat. If I were you, I should marry some one of about my own Mental Calibre. Of course, you may have to hunt a long time, but when you locate her you can tell that she is the Right Kind. Any one who will agree to Marry you is in your Class and you can gamble on that."

"I have tried the Innocent Young Thing, the Sophisticated Soubrette and the Cultured Club Girl and you kicked on all of them and sent them home." "The three are all Nice Girls," said Mr. Flappingdale. "Let's wait until we spot one who has something coming to her and then we will put up a Good Joke on her."

MORAL: It is a Wise Father that tumbles to his own son.



The Man Who Won.

By Edwin Lefevre.

"BROWN," said Mr. John F. Greener, as he turned away from the ticker in the corner, "I wish you would go over to the board and see how the market is for Iowa Midland. Find out how much stock there is for sale and who has it."

"What's up in it?" asked his partner, curiously.

"Nothing—yet," was Greener's quiet answer.

He was a tall, slender, black-bearded little man, almost trail-looking—with a high but rather narrow forehead. His eyes were furtive, shifty bits of brown light. He was thinking, and thinking to some purpose. Anyone, even a stranger, seeing him would have known that he was thinking of something big—the forehead was responsible for the impression; and also of something tricky, unscrupulous, cold-blooded—his eyes were to blame there. At the very least, he was cleared. He muttered: "I must have that road. Then a consolidation with my Keokuk & Northern, and a new system that will endure as long as the country."

Brown returned in a half hour and reported. There was very little stock for sale below \$42 a share. The available supply increased at 44, and at 46 "inside stock would come out." It was thus evident that the great part of this stock of the Iowa Midland was in the hands of "carrying" speculators who were not for sale at such a price as would be required to get the light of a great bargain by Mr. John F. Greener, known to countless "lamb" and widows and orphans and better financiers as the Napoleon of the stock market.

"Any supporting orders?" piped Greener.

"Bagley has orders to buy 300 shares every quarter of a point down until 37 is reached, and then to take 5,000 shares at that figure. He got them direct from Willett's himself. Willett's was the president of the company."

"Willett's," squeaked Greener, "was in Council Bluffs this morning. He is taking part in the ceremonies of unveiling the soldiers' monument, which begins at 10 o'clock—that is, within twenty minutes, allowing for difference in time. He'll be out of the reach of the telegraph for the afternoon."

Brown laughed. "No wonder they are afraid of you."

"Brown," said Greener, "start the movement by selling 10,000 shares of Iowa Midland. Divide it up among the boys on the floor. It would be well if the room were filled with the sound of selling. It is more important for us to get the price down than to put out short at high figures. I want that stock down."

"If you want that I think you'll get it," said Brown. As he was going out Mr. Greener squeaked after him: "Keep them guessing, Brown; keep them guessing."

A few minutes later the Iowa Midland "post" on the floor of the stock exchange was surrounded by a dozen puzzled and apprehensive "lamb" and many brokers. And still a few minutes later the same spot was a seething whirlpool of maniacal humanity. And all the caused the transformation was the fact that Mr. Brown had been seen whispering to Harry Wilson, head Harry Wilson had led him, gone to the Iowa Midland crowd and sold 1,000 shares at 42 and 42.

Then Mr. Brown had been seen speaking with W. G. Carlson in what struck witnesses as being a more or less agitated manner, and later Carlson had snatched carelessly over to the Iowa Midland precinct, and, after displaying very great indifference about the world in general, but most particularly about the market for Iowa Midland, had sold 1,400 shares at 43, 43, and 43.

Mr. Brown was now observed to look about him apprehensively and then began to converse with Frank J. Pratt, thereupon Pratt, as fast as his fat legs would carry him, hastened to the Iowa Midland and sold 2,000 shares at an average price of 41. The observant eyes had by this taken on a new expression of a new indecision; but when he beheld Mr. Brown anxiously beckon to his "particular friend," Dan Simpson, and saw shrill-voiced Dan rush like mad into the increasing crowd and apparently chased of Iowa Midland, the observant eyes ceased to observe Brown. Activity was transferred to their own "particular friend," and they sought to emulate Simpson and they rest of the Brown "whisperers."

It was a confident and yet a mystifying movement. It became more madly, belatedly, perplexing when certain brokers, believed to be "close to the inside," also began to sell the stock. Everybody started to do likewise. And everybody asked the same question, "What's the matter?" and received an answer of "nothing," all different, but all unfavorable. One man said it was crop failure, another mentioned divers kinds of busy, a third asserted it was

extensive washouts and ruinous landslides, and bankrupting attacks by a socialist legislature, and receivership probabilities.

The board room became Iowa Midland mad. Speculators often stampeded—just like other animals. No stock can withstand their rush to sell, even though it be "protected" or "supported" by its manipulators, much less a stock like Iowa Midland, whose market sponsor was out of town and out of reach of the telegraph. And Iowa Midland was going down fast.

Mr. Greener in his office was looking at this tape. The tall, slender little man permitted himself a slight—a very slight—smile. The tape showed: "Ia. Mid. 7,000, 32, 300, 33%; 500, 34; 200, 34; 200, 35."

He turned away to summon a clerk, to whom he said: "Mr. Rock, please send for Coolidge. Make haste."

"Very well, sir."

A portly, white-waistcoated, white-haired man, with snow-white, short-curling hair, whiskers, burst unceremoniously into the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Ormiston?" squeaked Greener, cordially.

"Greeting you, Mr. Greener," said the matter with Iowa Midland.

"How should I know," in a half-complacent, half-resentful tone, he said. "Brown started the selling. I saw it myself. Greener, I did you a good turn once. In Central District Telegraph, I'm John 6,000 shares of this Iowa Midland. For God's sake, man, if you know anything—"

"Mr. Ormiston, all I know is what I learn from my confidential reports of the Iowa crop. Along the line of the Keokuk & Northern the crop is not as good as hoped for. And he shook his head dolefully.

"Ticky-ticky-ticky tick!" said the ticker.

A portly man approached the little machine.

"Thirty-seven and an eighth. Thirty-seven," shouted Ormiston. "Great! Great! Great! And, Coolidge, I don't did not finish the comparison, but rushed out of the office without pausing to say good-by."

Again Mr. Greener summoned a confidential clerk.

"Mr. Rock," he squeaked, placidly, "telephone Mr. Brown that Ormiston, Honkhouse & Co. are about to sell 14,000 shares of Iowa Midland, and that Mr. Coolidge must not pay more than 35 for it."

Mr. Coolidge is in your private room, sir," announced an office boy.

The little financier confronted his chief confidential broker. Their relations were unassisted by the street. Everybody thought Coolidge was a pleasant and honorable man.

Coolidge, go to the board at once. Ormiston is going to sell 6,000 shares of Iowa Midland. Get it cheap as you can. Don't be in a hurry, though."

"How much shall I buy?" asked the broker, jotting down a few figures in his order book.

"As much as you can; all that is offered below thirty-seven," squeaked the apologetic of the street. "It was a Napoleonic order. 'And, Coolidge, I don't want this, known by any one. Clear the stock yourself.' It meant that Mr. Coolidge was to put the stock through the clearing house in his own name. As there is a charge for this service, in addition to the usual buying or selling commission, such steps are not resorted to unless it is desired to conceal the identity of the broker's principal."

Ormiston's 6,000 shares found their way to Mr. Coolidge's office at from 34 to 35. The man who once had done Greener a good turn now did him another—the gift of \$40,000!

In addition, Coolidge, employing several brokers, purchased 23,000 shares in all, which meant that Mr. Greener, after "covering" Brown's early "short sale," was in possession of fully 14,000 shares of the common stock of the Iowa Midland Railway company, at the average of nearly 6 points lower than the price at which he had bought on the preceding day, which is to say \$75,000 cheaper.

But Brown & Greener had made as much on their short sales, which was actually equivalent to having the lamb pay a man for the privilege of being shorn by him.

Such was the first of a series of skimpish by means of which the diminutive Napoleon of the street captured the floating supply of Iowa Midland stock until he had no less than 65,000 shares safe in his clutches.

All the old tricks that he knew and new devices he invented were used to hide from the street the fact that Mr. Greener was buying the stock on every opportunity. But beyond a certain limit extensive purchases of a particular stock cannot be concealed from the thousand shrewd men who make their living—a very good living, indeed—by not being blind. First one thing, then another, told these men that some powerful financier, or group of financiers,

had bought enormously of Iowa Midland, "absorbing" unostentatiously all the stock shaken out by the violent fluctuations of the past few months.

This fact and the remarkable improvement of business along the line of the road, caused a "substantial rise" in the price of the company's securities. But no one suspected the little Napoleon with the shifty eyes and the squeak and the genius, who had bought in the open market, through unsuspecting brokers, and in Iowa from the local holders, by means of secret agents, until he had accumulated 78,000 shares.

Brown said to his partner one day, a little uneasily: "Supposing we can't get any more stock, what are we going to do with what we have?" Try to sell it, however carefully, would be sure to break the market.

"Brown," I have concluded that in case I can't get enough stock to bring Willett's and his crowd—the president of the Iowa Midland and his fellow directors—to my way of thinking, we had better sell the block we now have to the Keokuk & Northern Railway company at the market price of \$68 a share. Perhaps we could even run up a little higher. Our stock cost us on an average \$51 a share. We could take our payment one-half in cash and half in first mortgage bonds at a fair discount. The deal would be highly beneficial to the Keokuk & Northern company, since, having such a large block of their rival's stock, there would be no more fighting any rate-cutting."

"That's a good idea," said Brown, "but the Iowa Midland's affairs, for we ought to have two, or possibly three, directors, and we have only one."

"Greener," said Brown, "shake!"

"Oh, no; not yet," squeaked the little man, deprecatingly.

Shortly afterward began a campaign of hostility against the management of

quietly picked up some large blocks in Iowa, and of which was very shrewd and worse still, true. Also, that Mr. Greener now held 82,300 shares of the stock, which was even sadder, but untire.

This was very well done. The annual meeting of the company was only six weeks away.

The reporters rushed to Mr. Greener's office. The little financier would not be seen. At length he reluctantly consented to be interviewed. He admitted, after a skillful display of unwillingness, that he had bought Iowa Midland stock. As to the amount, he said that was not of interest to the general public. The reporters finally cornered him and succeeded in making the little financier say, with a fleeting and very peculiar smile: "Yes, it is over 100,000 shares." And not another word could the newspaper men get out of him.

Each reporter who saw that smile went away convinced to the life-wagering point that Mr. John F. Greener was in control of the Iowa Midland. And they wrote accordingly.

President Willett's all but had an apoplectic stroke. The street disgustedly said: "Another successful, villainous plot of Greener's!" And such was his reputation that the stock declined ten points in two days. Investors and speculators alike displayed a frantic desire not to be identified in any way with the man who had taken the little financier had not been mistaken.

His last card was his own evil reputation. On the widespread fear that followed his broker's artistic "discretion" he was able to "scoop" 32,000 shares more at low figures. Such is the value of a name.

He now held 110,000 shares, or one-third of the Iowa Midland Railroad company's entire capital stock—enough to coerce Willett's into making very profitable arrangements with Mr. Greener's Keokuk & Northern Railway company. Of course, the absolute

control of the Iowa Midland was best of all, if it only could be secured. But of this the tall, slender little man with the high forehead and the shifty eyes was not thinking.

He estimated—it had cost him \$11,000 to secure the necessary data—that Willett's and his clique held 165,000 shares, so that there were still 122,000 shares unaccounted for—probably scattered among small investors throughout the country, who did not care who managed the road so long as they received pleasant promises of dividends, and also among banking houses and anti-Greener men, who, though they did not approve of Willett's, disapproved even more emphatically and vehemently of Greener and his methods.

If he could not buy the stock itself he must try to secure proxies.

He knew that some of the trust companies held a fair amount of the longed-for stock. He laid siege to them by means of alluring and unauthorized promises. He secured 7,100 shares; in all he had 27,300 shares. This meant that at the approaching annual meeting Mr. Greener could vote 128,000 shares out of a possible total of 320,000. Unless the opposition could unite, the election was already to go Mr. Greener's way.

He called his clerk, Rock, and told

a great deal," added the young clerk, with a faint tinge of bitterness.

"It is all that it is worth to me, Mr. Rock, and I think it is worth more to me than to anybody else. I'll raise your salary from sixteen hundred to two thousand a year. That's a great deal more money than I had at your age, Mr. Rock."

"Very well," said Rock, quietly, "I'll do the best I can." But once away from Greener, his face flushed with anger and indignation. "Ten thousand for what might be worth ten millions to the financier!"

The clerk had studied Greener's Napoleonic methods for two years. He had learned patience for one thing, and he had waited for his chance. It had come at last and he knew it.

The clerk all that week did nothing but collect the Iowa Midland proxies promised by the complaisant trust companies. They amounted to 23,200 shares. From prominent brokerage houses by means of alluring and unauthorized promises, he secured 7,100 shares; in all he had 27,300 shares. This meant that at the approaching annual meeting Mr. Greener could vote 128,000 shares out of a possible total of 320,000. Unless the opposition could unite, the election was already to go Mr. Greener's way.

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From time to time, when the little financier would ask Rock how he was progressing, the clerk would tell him he was doing as well as could be expected. He also told Mr. Greener that the trust companies had given only 14,000 shares, and he said nothing whatever of the 7,100 shares he had secured from the friendly brokers.

It was a desperate chance, this concealing from Mr. Greener how well he had done, but the clerk was bold.

There were no more pro-Greener proxies to be had by hook or crook he began his attack on the enemy. His problem was to capture the anti-Greener votes or stock. And the plan of this healthy clerk with the unflinching eyes and the resolute chin was worthy of the tall, slender little man with the furtive look and the great forehead.

"It is a case of heads I win, tails you lose," Rock muttered to himself, exultingly.

The young man presented himself forthwith at the office of Weddell, Hopkins & Co., president of the Iowa Midland. He knew he had crossed the Rubicon. He was fighting for his future, for the success he had dreamed of. And he was fighting a giant of giants. All this the clerk thought; and the thought braced him wonderfully.

"What do you mean?" squeaked Mr. Greener, naively.

Mr. Brown entered. He was just in time to hear the clerk say: "You have, all told, 110,000 shares of Iowa Midland, President Willett's and his crowd control about the same amount."

"Yes," said the clerk, "I've left the firm of Brown & Greener. They were," he added, thoughtfully, "too rascally for me."

Mr. Weddell's face froze solid. He feared an application for a position.

"Yes," he said. His voice matched his face in frigidity.

"Straight into the old banker's eyes," you, in common with other honest men, have been asking you could not do well by you."

"What will you do, Mr. Greener?" asked the clerk, looking straight at him.

"I'll give you," he squeaked, encouragingly, "ten thousand dollars."

"Is that a good price for the work, Mr. Greener? I may have to pay out

myself said he had over 110,000 shares, and the reporters jumped to the conclusion that he had actually a controlling interest. And that is what he will have unless you help me. I have promised here for 23,200 shares from trust companies and commission houses. My plan is to get all the proxies I can from the anti-Greener and the anti-Willett stockholders. The plan can make Mr. Willett's give us pledges in black and white to inaugurate the much-needed reforms and stop his policy of extravagance and his costly traffic arrangements. Willett's will do it to save himself and the road from falling into Greener's hands. But there's no time to lose, Mr. Weddell. The excitement of the game he was playing stimulated him like wine."

"And you?" queried the old banker, meaningly. "Where do you come in?"

The insinuation was his last weapon.

"I? It might be, Mr. Weddell, that after the election I could be appointed assistant secretary of the company as an evidence of good faith on the part of the reform management. I can keep tabs on them and represent the Weddell-Hopkins & Co. story."

He added, with truly artistic significance, "I could be \$5,000 a year. I have been getting just one-half that. My salary was exactly \$1,600; but why minimize one's commercial value?"

The old banker walked up and down. "By gad, sir, you shall have our proxies," said Mr. Weddell at length. Weddell, Hopkins & Co. held 14,000 shares of Iowa Midland stock, and on the next day Rock received their proxies. Coming from so well known, so notoriously anti-Greener a house, they served as credentials to him, and he was able to convince many doubting Thomases. He secured proxies from practically all the anti-Greener stockholders of Iowa Midland stock, and on the next day Rock received their proxies. Coming from so well known, so notoriously anti-Greener a house, they served as credentials to him, and he was able to convince many doubting Thomases. He secured proxies from practically all the anti-Greener stockholders of Iowa Midland stock, and on the next day Rock received their proxies. Coming from so well known, so notoriously anti-Greener a house, they served as credentials to him, and he was able to convince many doubting Thomases. 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